Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 52

‘If Only in My Dreams’

1

(Remembering back too… Earth before the end.)

This is what he meant, for me to do with my life be his… anytime he wants it-girl and nothing more and nothing less, and it makes his rejection easier to accept… almost. Yet, the money is why, like- I am here- and the love too… yah that… I have been working on my studies more than them being with him or her… I would say it was to clear my head. I was looking over the paper that was said I wrote, I pretend to read the article, that Katie made for me. Beyond its suddenly, blindingly obvious. He is too gloriously

good-looking, not to think about a non-stop. I know he loves me, yet he has a hard way of really showing just that.

I, understand, yet not so- her words make more sense than mine- I questioned this… He is not the man for me. I can live with this.

It is only when I am in bed, that I try to sleep, that I allow my thoughts to drift off some- yet all the voices run through me- never hushing up. Never slowing- never stopping, for me to have a moment- in time to think alone.

‘Katie, she is particularly good,’ ‘I’m going to study, is what I said to her…

just wanted to get away from her mouth.’ I am not going to think about him again, for now, I vow to myself, and opening my revision notes, I start to read. Thus far, his face keeps looking it to mine, and I see him looking back in the glass.

I put my pen down, which makes all the font that I write out and comforts it into text in word. I am finished, with my re-write of her draft. My final exam is over, I said- this will do simply fine the grin spread over my face can be helped. It is the first time all week that I have smiled over something other than him. It is Friday, and we shall be celebrating tonight, really celebrating.

Paris- with Katie not him, I need this- the city the lights the sound- of something other than me inquiry all that is me - and him. She slanted her head and smiled at her companion, with grace seated her at the best table in the restaurant; her smile, at least, was honest, though almost nothing else about her was. The pale gray of her eyes was warmed to by sweet colored contact lenses; her blond hair had been darkened by the low light of the tower in the background, then subtly streaked with lighter shadows. in her arms mentally begging her with every fiber of my being to kiss me, is what I needed, just her true

love for me - not asking… never demanding.

He did not want me as a girlfriend, this week he was off doing what he does. I turn on to my side, now at the hotel, with her in the single bed, Frivolously, I wonder if he is with a new younger girl?

Think back of: ‘Ah!’ settled in his chair with a contented sigh, returning her smile. she is so beautiful woman in her teen years; she looks like the US, with glossy dark hair and liquid gray eyes, and a luxurious mouth.

(Bed)

I close my eyes and begin to drift, and she nudges me, groggy as I- she had gambled that he would not have his people dig any deeper than that, that he would run out of the patience required to wait for the answers before, she made a move on me.

Her manufactured background was only a few layers deep; I knew she and I wanted too so why not; she had not had time to prepare more. He is saving himself. Well not for you, my sleepy subconscious has a final swipe at me before unleashing itself on my dreams.

I might even get drunk! I said- we can hear it is not agents the law here, I

have never been drunk before, I know that the trill was wearing off, I glance across the sports hall at Katie, and she is still scribbling furiously, five minutes to the end of foolish. This is it, the end of my academic career if he tunes in…

She had done the best she could in the time she had, she knew that she would have to be off doing her study's even on this run over the sea that takes less than a day now.

He made a point of keeping himself in shape, and his hair had not yet started to gray-either that or he was as skilled as she at touch-ups. 'You look especially lovely tonight; have I told you

that yet?’ I shall never have to sit in rows of anxious, isolated students again. Inside I am doing graceful cartwheels around my head, knowing full well that is the only place I can do graceful cartwheels.

…And that night, I dream of her and I live long ever after, and I am running through dark places with eerie strip lighting doing things we should not, and I do not know if I am running toward something, that I should want or not- the dream, leads me with choices, it is just not clear.

Katie stops writing and puts her pen down. She glances across at me, and I catch her Cheshire cat smile too. We

head back to our apartment together in her Mercedes, refusing to discuss our final paper. Katie is more concerned about what she is going to wear to the bar this evening. I am busily fishing around in my purse for my keys.

‘Merry, there’s a package for you, their flowers from him…’ she said.

Odd, I have not ordered anything from Amazon recently.

Katie is standing on the steps up to the front door holding them.

‘No.’ Katie’s eyes are wide with disbelief.’ I nod as I did before.

‘You have, she said, he loved you more than anything, I starting to believe it.’ But then her gaze was warm, wet whit tears for she was in love with me more than him at that moment. I knew… she had trained long and hard to acquire it, I knew she was the one that would always care about me. ‘Thank you again… I said to him in a mind message.’ I recognize the quote was something slandered, where was the love in it?

I have not let myself dwell on RICHARD C. MAST - for the past week. Okay… so his blue eyes are still haunting my dreams, as she plays with me in them too, and I know it will take an eternity to

expunge the feel of his arms around me and his wonderful perfume from my brain. Why has he sent me this?

‘Can’t think of anyone else, that would do this for me, like him though.’ ‘What does this card mean…?’ ‘I have no inkling; I think it’s a warning - scrupulously he keeps threatening me off, with gifts. I have no idea why- he thinks I will keep coming back- just for the coming.

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It’s not like I’m beating his door down- and the wood hard- with only him.’ I frown some… ‘I know you don’t want to

talk about him, Merry, but he's seriously into you. Warnings or no.' 'I don't know, and I don't care. I cannot accept these from him, yet not feeling as I did in the past some of the caring went away.

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2

I love Katie, she is so loyal and supportive. I repack the books and leave them on the dining table. Katie hands me a glass of champagne.

‘To the end of exams and our new life in Seattle,’ she grins.

‘To the end of exams, our new life in Seattle, and excellent results.’ We clink glasses and drink.

The bar is loud and hectic, full of soon to be graduates out to get trashed. José joins us. He will not graduate for another year, but he is in the mood to party and gets us into the spirit of our newfound freedom by buying a pitcher of margaritas for us all. As I down my fifth, I know this is not a clever idea on top of the champagne.

‘So, what now Merry?’ She shouts at me over the noise, Katie has the constitution of a she-ass. ‘That is doubtful,’ she calmly replied. ‘I have

never liked any wine.’ She had made that plain from the start, who disliked the taste of wine, I thought sitting over here looking at her thinking that. Her taste buds were deplorably working-class. She enjoyed a glass of wine, (I thought) now she is drinking only coffee or bottled water; order coffee for her, of that… I giggle.

‘I think I’d better have a beer.’

‘I’ll get us a pitcher.’

‘More drink, Merry!’

Katie bellows…

‘Classy- in France?’

Sue!

Her eyes for Katie, are glittery and wet for her. I move out of her way to hold and get up from our table. She is taking photos, yes, of her in her tight jeans, her usual stunning self, and high heels, hair piled high with tendrils hanging down softly around her face. I giggled over it like I have no idea what the time is, I will wake with her over to the tower and well go up and kiss at the top. Good thinking, Merry. I stagger off through the crowd, she yells for me, and I whisper in her mind that I am over here. Of course, there is a line, but at least it is moving fast to the top. I am suppressing a

drunken smile, hit me like an involuntary, looking out over with her in my arms and the kiss.

Back at the hotel my head, ponding so-o… I go for swims uncomfortably, with all the others, a lot of kids but even so it was nice, Well, the object of the exercise was to get drunk, on it’s the other way ‘round. I have succeeded, in working it off. I stare blankly over and over in a fast way- at the poster on the back of the toilet door that extols the virtues of safe sex. Yah- NO! like that is going to happen.

Holy mother of moo- moo, did I just call RICHARD C. MAST in my mind

again? Shit. My phone rings for him it is all in my mind though, and it makes me jump when he says ‘what do you want.’ I squeak in surprise; by how the man he is being to me for what see to be noted on my own doing.

This is what it is like - not an experience to be repeated. The line has moved, and it is now my turn.

‘Howdy,’ I bleat timidly into the handset. I had not calculated on this.

‘I’m coming to get you,’ he says and hangs up... before I said I did want him too. The only RICHARD C. MAST - could sound so calm and so threatening at

the same time. I pull my jeans up after the poster said not to do what I just did. My heart is thumping. Coming to get me? Well, I am coming to get her- ha. Hang on, I am fine. Oh no. I am going to be sick… no… He is just messing with my head.

I said- ‘Holy freaking crap.’

He cannot find me here, I would say so with GPS within my body as we all have now, Besides, it will take him 4 hours to get here from NY, and we will be

long gone by then. I wash my hands and check my face in the mirror.

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I said- ‘Holy freaking crap.’

3

I for one looked flushed and slightly unfocused. He cannot find me here, I would say so with GPS within my body as we all have now, ‘You’ve been gone so long.’ Katie reprimands me. Besides, it will take him 4 hours to get here from NY, and we will be long gone by then. I wash my hands and check my face in the mirror. ‘Where were you?’ I wait at the bar for what feels like an eternity for the pitcher of beer and eventually return to the table. ‘The girl's room on a call, that I shouldn’t have made.’ Mind dealing- I said… ‘ah-Huh-ha-

a’ were sitting out said at a bar café. ‘All-out-in the - fresh air- and yes.’ ‘Katie, I think I’d better think that you and I have a thing… ‘Merry, you are such a softie with him- grow some lady nuts and say-freak you.’

4

‘I’ll be five minutes…’

‘…Going to MASTURBATE-?’

‘Yep!’

Pulling off my panties, I reach between my legs and pulls on the white string, and gently takes my tampon out of me, and tosses it into the nearby toilet. As the inside of me felt as if it was unfolding

free. Holy cow… just to the thoughts of his erection springs free. The muscles inside the deepest, darkest part of me clench in the most flavorsome fashion. I am going to fuck myself now hard, she murmurs as she positions the head of the wiggling pulsating dildo at the entrance of her self-sex. I hear the slosh- of me- and then it of the rushing out of the deepest clenching of what happened pulled out and its soft swirl at the tip of my nose.

5

I make my way through the crowd another time, thinking of how I was going to get off like three more times, in

15. I am beginning to feel nauseous, my head is spinning uncomfortably, see in the little girl in the open stall next to me get there faster then I! and she is like freaking 10! and I am a little unsteady with my frapping 3 figuring or have girl gotten even more slutty.

More unsteady than usual, she got it down. God, I turn on- you? No- nope …?… did not think so prev. ‘I think I’ve just had a bit too much to drink, I feel like more pee than that is coming out of me.’ I smile weakly at her and say- GOD FOR YOU HUNNY- good for you. ‘And you too,’ she murmurs, and her dark eyes are watching me intently, saying why you

doing this on your own at your age… is a young girl thing to do.

‘Do you need a hand?’ she asks and steps closer undies at her feet, putting her arm around me some. I’ve got this.’ I try and push her away weakly, of age, yet there nothing wrong with it. ‘Merry, please,’ she whispers, It Kate in my head saying do not do it, yet the young child is holding me in her arms, pulling me close, like a lover. These days’ free love is love! No matter the age…

6

‘You know I like you, Merry, please.’ He has one hand at the small of

my back holding me against him, the other at my chin tipping back my head. Holy freak… he is going to kiss me. Her hand has slipped into my hair, and she is holding me.

She whispers against my lips. His breath is soft and smells too sweet - of candy and Kool-Aid. She gently kisses me along my jaw, and lips and movies up to the side of my mouth and then right on my parted lips. I feel frightened, drunk, and out of control, yet I love having fee love like this- it like I was her age all over. The feeling is sickly sweet.

You are my friend, no and for life, I said to her, and I think, I am going to

throw up, so you should runoff. A voice in the dark says quietly. Holy shit! In my mind- RICHARD C. MAST - he is now, see what I have done.

I glance anxiously up at RICHARD C. MAST. He is glowering at Katie, and he is furious, like me for doing a young one as he said. Crap, and fly trap- My stomach hauls, and I double over, worse than when blood is shooting out of my hole, I'll hold you.'

She grabs my hair and pulls it out of the firing line- my body no longer able to accept the alcohol, and I vomit outstandingly on to the ground at me and

the little French girls' feet her name was- Willow.

She has her arms around my middle body - holding my hair in a makeshift ponytail down my back so it is off my face, her hands the other is I try awkwardly to push her hair out of the way, but I vomit again… and again, even on to her half nude body.

Even when my stomach's empty, and nothing is coming up, oh shit… 'If you are going to throw up again, I note, with deep thankfulness, that it's in relative darkness. I vow silently that I will never drink again, yet that like say I cannot

have a day without sex. It is going down in me at some point.

My hands are resting on the block wall… How long is this going to last? I questioned… she takes her T stands, and I wipe my mouth, on she said she did not care… love at first sight… I questioned it. This is just too appalling for words, Katie said… I must go out now. So-o horrifying gasping heaves of wackiness-my body feels. Then it concludes… Katie is still hovering by the entrance to the girl's room watching us.

Her (the young girl’s) hand is barely holding me up - vomiting profusely is exhausting. takes his hands off I say to

him- I am hectic with embarrassment, repulsed with myself. When I come around. My hands in on my head I groan, as I place them there. Like that was the solitary worst moment of my lifespan. Twins taking a crap is what I think of at this moment- why I do not know. Oh-yeah- I do- there they are both doing just that- like- looking in at me over in there apparent 5,00 feet up or so all glass too. What should I say to him, for him to forgive this?

RICHARD C. MAST's rejection will not be something good. I try to remember a worse one, that I have done, and I cannot. I glare at him, in my mind.

For he is acting like my dad, not my lover. Oh, the humiliation… my mother was far worse. Marry who are you kidding, he is just seen you hurl all over the ground- nothing more said- Katie, she feels that what I did was nothing. Yet I still look shamefaced to myself, and him- or so I think.

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shamefaced to myself, and him- or so I think.

7

I have a few choice words for my so-called friend, none of which I can repeat in front of RICHARD C. MAST - There is no disguising your lack of ladylike behavior, and I can only produce- and this is so, so many shadows darker in terms of, I risk a glance at him, I see hem looking back at me mirrored back in my stare.

He is staring down at me, his face composed, yet he can help but fall for me fast, giving nothing away about how he

was feeling about what I did we fall. Turning, I glance at Katie whom and, like me, is scared by the true filling that he heads to me from that day. I mutter, staring at the handkerchief which I am furiously worrying with my fingers. It is so soft, and worm, as slid his fingers in her, he would expect her to share his bed tonight, but he was destined to be disappointed once again, in her saying: I do not feel the need after, soloing- so many times today. Her hatred was so strong she had barely been able to force herself to let him kiss her and accept his touch with some temperateness.

There was no way in hell like she had let him do more than that to her tonight- for the movies running in her had of him acting like an ass and or like her dad. ‘I’m sorry, he said for what I have done to you. Just in my thoughts of…’ Apologize… and say back off. Katie mutters, derogatory but we both ignore that, and he slinks off back into the of my mind for rest and sleep. I am on my own with doing me- and just Kate.

‘We’ve all been here, perchance not quite as dramatically as you,’ he says dryly. ’It’s about knowing your limits, Merry. I mean, I am all for pushing limits, but this is beyond the pale. My head rings

with excess alcohol and frustration. Do you make a habit of this kind of behavior?'

He was scolding me like an errant child, something you would never do to me I said to Kate that had me held by the butt, arching my back as she is holding me in her arms, for passion and cute kissing- then 69, her butt in my face, I move her lips around using sucking at mouth and teeth and tongue.

Katie- Put her legs over your shoulders and grab onto her waist or open her vagina. (The last one feels better) or have her butt hole in your well-nose. Do not fart!

And at first kiss outside her vagina and then slowly lick her inside and just pretend she is the most beautiful thing you have ever tasted and if she wants to talk dirty to her but talks to her about that beforehand so she will not be offended.

Hope this helps.

I love it. It is such a turn on.

1) You want to kiss/nibble on her neck first. It is an effective way to start turning her on.

2) Suck on her nipples and play with them with your tongue. This too is another great turn on.

3) While you are doing these, massage her PUSS-PUSS over her pants just to get her ready for it.

4) Work your way down, slowly, and sexually.

5) Open up her PUS*Y and go straight to the Cl*t.

6) Smack the PUS*Y with your tongue fast, and suck and tug on it (not too hard though.)

7) As you are sucking her PUS*Y, slide your fingers in and out of her vagina opening.

8) Once you have 2 fingers in there, and they are facing up, curve them

like a hook, and without going in and out, stroke her G-spot.

If this is your first time, beware of the smell and taste, as it makes most guys gag at first.

Part of me wants to say, if I want to get drunk every night like this, then it is my decision and nothing to do with him - but I am not brave enough. Not now that I have thrown up in front of him. Why is he still standing there?

'No,' I said contritely.' I've never been drunk before and right now I have no desire to ever be again.' Yet, I know that is a lie…

‘Come on, I’ll take you home,’ she murmurs- do this to me.

I just do not understand why he is here. I begin to feel faint. She notices my dizziness and grabs me before I fall and hoists me into his arms, holding me close to her chest like a child. For sucking and seizing on her nipples. ‘I need you, Katie.’ Holy Moses, I say at C-*-M! I am in her arms again. Where I do the same to her butt in the air, I go for it for like a half-hour.

8

‘Dancing,’ with Katie in the club she shouts, and I can tell he is mad at me

for acting slutty. He is eyeing me- him the RICHARD C. MAST suspiciously.

I struggle with my black jacket and place my small shoulder bag over my head, so it sits at my hip. I am ready to go, once I have seen Katie; to party my ass off… yet he is saying NO… No in my mind. And I just having fun. It is earsplitting, packed, and the music is underway, thus there is a huge mass on the dance floor. she sets me down, and, taking my hand, leads me back into the bar.

She knew that I went out for some air- of him… embarrassed weak I feel dumb, and still drunk, exhausted,

ashamed, and on some strange equal unquestionably off the scale electrified, by the cocktail of things I took down.

He is clutching my hand I see them all wavy to my sight. Looking at them all swirly. - such a confusing array of emotions, play tricks in my mind like haunted school girl ghosts. I will need at least a week to process them all, I knew even in this state of mind of senseless.

Katie is not at our table, and Katie has disappeared. Levi looks lost and forlorn on his own. ‘Where’s Katie? She was off with some young girl doing what I did the night before.’ I see that she had to feel as I did… she was always like that

with me… we must be the same in all-or not…! ‘My head is beginning to pound in time to the thumping bass line of the music.’

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He rolls his eyes at me and takes my hand again and leads me to the bar. He is served immediately.

‘She’s on the dance floor,’ I touch RICHARD C. MAST’s arm and lean up and shout in his ear, brushing his hair with my

nose, smelling his clean, fresh smell. All those forbidden, unfamiliar feelings that I have tried to deny surface and run amok through my drained body. I flush, and somewhere deep, deep down my muscles clench deliciously. He is such a - Control-Freak - I said to her- saying: your just having fun. He is watching me intently, mirrored in my- lost young girl like the look of my eyes.

'Drink- Drink- drink' I heard her say, to this young girl in the bar and she was about 14,' he shouts his order at me. He looks irritated and livid, with me like I am his sex- Dollie, and nothing more…He is so overbearing, I thought. Give me love-

I thought- or is sex now just the love? What is his delinquent? The moving lights are meandering and turning in time to the music casting strange colored light and obscurities all over the bar and the business. He is alternately white, green, blue, and bloodshot red.

There a dead girl in an ash box sitting on the ground, on the walkway to my home, she was just burnt a day go, and dumped, here, and this is where she is resting- no one cares about her like death and dumping ash that nothing- or that she was only 5 years of age…I take a hesitant swallow; I think about the life

she never had- on like all the others thoughts going through my mind I care.

‘All of it,’ he shouts.

I sway slightly, and he puts his hand on my shoulder to steady me. Um- Merry… are you ever going to live this down, and say she slipped away? She was my sister girl- and mom and they just dump her off… to be kicked by passing feet- yah but that is what they do these days- girl.

Cemeteries are wasted spaces of land, why do that when you need to construct things in that space. There is nothing left to remember her by- nothing

by the memories in my mind of whom she was.

It makes me feel queasy, as I look in the box 3 x 6-inch books and see nothing but blackened asks… blowing some in the wand of the high walkways… in the glowing tingling light of the smoggy covered skyline. I notice this thought of what she was wearing the last time that I saw her, a blur though-wearing; a loose white linen shirt, snug jeans, playing in the park on the roof of the high-rise, pink converse sneakers, and a pink and white jacket, I would know I see a flick in some of the ash hitting my face as dust in the wind.

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‘All of it,’ shouts in my head- like the way she passed- by some killing her for the dollar in her underwire where she keeps and for the young rape.

I sway slightly, and he puts his hand on my shoulder to steady me. Um- Merry… are you ever going to live this down, and say she slipped away? She was my sister girl- and mom and they just

dump her off… to be kicked by passing feet- yah but that is what they do these days- girl.

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Now in bed sleeping pills at my side, taking the glass from me, she places them for me- so sweet. Her shirt is unbuttoned at the top, and I see a sprinkling skin coming at me- and I out… then just to see her ass in my face… when I come to it, in my groggy frame of mind, she looks delicious.

9

He takes my hand once more. Holy cow - he is leading me onto the dance floor. Shit. I do not dance. He can sense my reluctance, and under the colored lights, I can see his amused, slightly sardonic smile. He gives my hand a sharp tug, and I am in his arms again, and he starts to move, taking me with him. Boy, he can dance, and I cannot believe that I am following him step for step. It is because I am drunk that I can keep up. He is holding me tight against him, his body against mine… if he were not clutching me so tightly, I am Sue I would swoon at his feet. In the back of my mind, my mother's often-recited warning

comes to me: Never trust a man who can dance.

I looked into him/ his daily thoughts and what he did, just to see that he was with a 15-year-old- not me- saying- ‘Such a tight pussy- so tight and young- and small and the sucking oh so tight it's letting are out the sides. - he said as I see that he was with a new girl named- Nataliee.

I just was modified…Really likes she likes someone, I gasp. Katie is making her moves go in her mind for me of her hook up, she had with her new friend. She is dancing her ass off, and she only ever does that if she likes someone. It means

there will be three of us for breakfast tomorrow morning. Katie! Outside and inside my head pounding away, loud. I cannot hear what he says, I tuned it out… it was my wishes. I cannot tell the color under the pulsating to all the heat of the flashing lights going off, is the day starting a new.

I Katie- curly blonde hair, and light, wickedly gleaming eyes.

Me- She pulls me into her arms, where she is more than happy to be… Katie!

But I never got to talk to her, the girl she had last night- I had to meet her.

A new day is all the same- until the night-
RICHARD C. MAST propels us off the dance floor in double-quick time. Is she okay? She said- she is not you- though. I need to do the safe sex lecture, for the school, the teacher I know is a lezbo, but yes… she loves me.

I can see where things are heading for her and him, In the back of my mind, I hope she reads one of the posters on the back of the toilet doors. My thoughts crash through my brain, fighting the drunk, fuzzy feeling. It is so warm in here, so loud, so colorful - too bright. My head begins to swim with so many thoughts of him and her, and her and then

him- and what she did- he did- and what I did with all, oh no… The last thing I hear beforehand, I pass out in RICHARD C. MAST's arms is his harsh description. It is incredibly quiet, I am comfortable and warm, the light is muted, in this bed. ‘Freak!’ I open my eyes, Hmm… I am tranquil for a moment.

‘This looks bigger than I remember,’ I said to him- by this time I have a lust for him so- that I need him- oh so much. Oh so…! It is oddly familiar to me yet all-new the love only he can give- odd like only she can too as a girl- and he a boy. I have no idea where I am, halfway in the night- I come to it and see I am in

his bed nude, and he going down on me, lovingly hard! I am enjoying the strange unfamiliar surroundings, of him just work-work- working it! Where? …? ... Where am I? My confused brain struggles over its recent painterly memories.

Holy crap- I said- like that is carp the is holy- said Katie in my mind… ha funny. I am the hotel he owns in Atlantic City. … in a suite- I see him coming to me, ready for loving making, As I did the last time, we were together, he loves it when I spray all over his face, as he loves doing to me as well! I have stood in a room like this with Katie. Oh shit. I am in RICHARD C. MAST's suite. This room is worth more

than the-White House- and some of those places that why do not care about- How did I get here?

I questioned… memories of the previous night come slowly back to haunt me, like my sister young life coming to end fast over someone, that did not love her just for hot young sex. She never had a boy toy. Nothing dead at 5! Holy shit. No socks…No jeans… I see this photo of her playing- where she was just being a kid-I see the first time she cum-med, on her little bed, it was the same night- she found out she was going to have to not see me any longer- so Katie showed her to be happy- I glance at the bedside night

table- and see her face on the screen that movies the photos. I do not remember coming here. I am wearing my t-shirt, bra, and panties. I FEEL Broken- The drinking, oh no the drinking, the handset call, oh no the phone call, the vomiting, oh no the vomiting. Katie and then RICHARD C. MAST. Oh no. I cringe inwardly.

The orange juice tastes heavenly, it is I sit up and take the tablets. On it is a glass of orange juice and two tablets. Advil. He is such a Control freak that he is, he thinks of the whole thing. I do not feel that bad, much healthier than I merit too. Dehydration quenching and invigorating. Nothing beats freshly

squeezed orange juice for refreshing a parched mouth.

How are you feeling?' 'Improved better than I earned,' I gabble.

'How did I get here?' My voice is small, contrite.

Do not worry about it he said- fast.

Followed by: 'Good morning Merry. I peek up at him, I for one, like- feel like a two-year-old, if I close my eyes when I am not here. There is a knock ook2on the door, for it to open. RICHARD C. MAST's sweat; the notion does odd things to me. My heart leaps into my

mouth, and I cannot seem to find my voice, to say come in. He opens the door anyway and strolls in, being all sweet. Holy hell, he has been working out, in tight shorts that show off his backside.

He comes and sits down on the edge of the bed, way, off, like his hair, blowing in the wind as the doors were open to the cityscape. Sweat, hard I take a deep breath and close my eyes, I cannot bear to look at the cheat any longer. He is staring at me, blue bright eyes, and as usual, I have no idea what he is thinking, even if it is run hard in my mind of all the facts. He closes enough for me to touch, for me to smell, of him to be

overpowering- and I want him- oh no- YES, do I want him!

The towel, his hand was thrown on the bed at my feet. He hides his thoughts and feelings so well. Grasps is let out of me for he has me around his neck, going in for it. Like his sex toy that is a rag doll, I wriggle hard. He even takes me from behind over the chair without me giving the okay- I was all his! And I look down and see that I am shaved! Oh my… ‘Did you put me to bed?’ Did you get me this night's top?

His face is blank.

‘Yes!’

Um- it was an intoxicating cocktail- ‘After you passed out, that he gave me last night my little girl down under is still red- and I can walk- so much better than a margarita, I was out in the la-la- land- and I do remember the hardcore FREAKING! and now I can speak from experience, this man goes in hard and deep.

‘Did I throw up again?’ My voice is quieter. Do not worry about getting pregnant I have taken care of that too… with this. An implant was placed by a doter last night when you were passed out- do not thank me!

Do not say anything- do not even think about it- it for your good.

Um- is all I got out before his index finger hashed me- up to my lips.

‘Did you undress me?’ I whispered…

‘Funny you cute- that’s the least of your worries!’ He spoke.

Um…?

I thought…! I think too much…? He is right…? Or is this wrong…?

The RICHARD C. MAST

Preface:

Days moments like this only happen in my wildest dreams when I was a young girl warm in pink sheets in my school age-girl tween bed, or so I thought- now I am not dreaming. I was wearing tight blue short shorts with no underwear and a sports blue and white tank top with no bra. His breathing is an array, matching mine. Pulling off his gray briefs, his erection springs free. Turning to face him, pushing the foreskin back gently- to look like any man should or would- I am shocked to find has his erection firmly in my grasp and tight and hard and exposed to my kisses.

My mouth drops open for my flavored Popsicle of oh-da-hot-sexy-man- and sexy tattoos covering his arms. “I’m going to fuck you now,” he whispers as he positions the head of his erection at the entrance of me, his he pulls me up to his standing body and I am off my feet... Holy cow…!

I am only 100 lbs. and a sweet little slut calling him by his title for him, and he loves it and he can pick me up and hold me upside down hair down to his feet he is full on to my clitoris for his 69 sex- both as deep and bobbing as we can go, both in the heat of passion at the same time. How cow- I am upside down, yet I

love the way he can passionate me around for our sex, it is so hot!

Then whipped right side up still being held like a small child in his big manly arms- my arms holding on for dear life around his neck as I for the first time fell ever-so-small- to him- yet ever-so tall being now so far of the ground; for more of his sex hardcore penis pounding sliding up and down on his belly like a young little teen slut that- I am for only him- like the wet gushing orgasms run now down his body.

Holy cow, it is so-o big! As my young tight hole is now open like my and showing blackness that is my vagina

parted- looking like my pocketbook when unclasped, for as he no slips out and back in hard as I am now thrown on my backside- legs sprawled. just moments after I had fully let go, he had my butt to my chin as he made his clam pile driver himself into China in me, I am all his! The cream is now further down my body, into my pubic hair, I hear the slosh's and then with tight pushing outs of me- of thick white cream-pies 3 times in 10 minutes, I gasp as all- and everything- like him run a lather all over my pubic bone.

It is warm. The gentleness at that moment surprises me. That was not the end for this strong man that needs the

grunting out, I kneel at his front as he is jerking his long hard Vancouver pink head thumping cock at my hanging out as my hands are behind my backside, my mouth eagerly awaiting tongue panting, as rubbed out love for me at that moment stream, surge, flows swiftly in, flopping all of it around my teeth, not letting any go to waste, I show him I love it all, I swallow hard and then show that it's all gone like a good little girl- that I am for him- and that- I don't mind my face covered- '*daddy's cummies*!'

Then I was on top for all of 2 more minutes. My little nipples hard like the clit now out of its hardcover as I give

him my sex, raw, and longing, only moments have passed and its time yet again and we are at the climax of running out. I also love looking up at him with big feminine eyes most of the time- in my lip and one hand grasping knowing- that I have done an excellent job having all of him jammed as hard and far down my thought as possible now gasping.

(Back in time)

‘No... not really...' I whisper.

‘It’s more the idea of it?’ he prompts.

‘I suppose. Feeling pleasure... when one isn’t supposed to.’

‘I remember feeling the same. Takes a while to get your head around it.’ Holy hell. This was when he was a kid.

‘You can always safe… word… Merry. Do not forget that. And… as long as you follow the rules… which fulfill a deep need in me for control and to keep you safe… then perhaps we can find a way forward.’

‘Why do you need to control me?’

‘Because it satisfies a need in me that wasn’t met in my formative years.’

‘So, it’s a form of therapy?’

‘I’ve not thought of it like that… but yes… I suppose it is.’ I can understand. This will help.

‘But… here’s the thing… one moment you say don’t defy me… the next you say you like to be challenged. That’s an exceptionally fine line to tread successfully.’ He gazes at me for a moment… then frowns.

‘I can see that. But you seem to be doing fine so far.’

‘But at what personal cost? I’m tied up in knots here.’ ‘I like you tied up in knots…' he smirks.

‘That’s not what I meant!’ I splash him in exasperation.

He gazes down at me… arching an eyebrow.

‘Did you just splash me?’ ‘Yes.’ Holy shit… that look.

‘Oh… Miss Merry.’ He grabs me and pulls me onto his lap… sloshing water all over the floor.’ I think we’ve done enough talking for now.’

He clasps his hands on either side of my head and kisses me. Deeply. Possessing my mouth. Angling my head… controlling me. I moan against his lips. This is what he likes. This is what he is so

good at. Everything ignites inside me and my fingers are in his hair... holding him to me... and I am kissing him back and saying I want you to the only way I knowledge. He groans... shifting me so I am astride him... kneeling over him... his erection beneath me. He pulls back and looks at me... his eyes hooded... glowing and lustful. I drop my hands to grab onto the edge of the bath, but he grips both my wrists and pulls my hands behind my back... holding them together in one hand.

‘I’m going to have you now...' he whispers and lifts me so that I am hovering over him.

‘Ready?’ He breathes.

‘Yes...' I whisper... and he eases me onto him... slowly... exquisitely slowly… filling me… watching me as he takes me.

I groan... closing my eyes... and I revel in the sensation... the stretching fullness. He flexes his hips... and I gasp... leaning forward... resting my forehead against his.

‘Please let my hands go...' I whisper.

‘Don’t touch me...' he pleads... and releasing my wrists... he grabs my hips.

Clasping the bath ledge... I move up and then down slowly... opening my eyes to gaze at him. He is watching me. His mouth opens slightly... his breathing halted... stilted... his tongue between his teeth. He looks so… hot. We are wet and slippery and moving against each other. I lean down and kiss him.

He closes his eyes. Tentatively... I bring my hands up to his head and run my fingers through his hair... not taking my lips from his mouth. This is allowed. He likes this. I like this. And we move together. I tug his hair... tipping his head back and deepen the kiss... riding him... faster... picking up the rhythm. I moan

against his mouth. He starts to lift me faster... faster... holding my hips. Kissing me back.

We are wet mouths and tongues... tangled hair... and moving hips. All sensation... all-consuming again. I am close... I am starting to recognize this delicious tightening... quickening. And the water... it is swirling around us... our whirlpool... a stirring vortex as our movements become more frantic... sloshing everywhere... mirroring what is happening inside me... and I just do not care.

I love this man. I love his passion... the effect I have on him. I love

that he is flown so far to see me. I love that he cares about me… he cares. It is so unexpected... so fulfilling. He is mine... and I am his.

‘That’s right... baby...' he breathes.

-And-

I come… my orgasm ripping through me... a turbulent... passionate... apogee that devours me whole. And suddenly RICHARD C. MAST crushes me to him… his arms wrapped around my back as he finds his release.

‘Merry… baby!’ He cries… and it is a wild invocation… stirring and touching the depths of my soul.

We lie staring at each other… gray eyes into blue… face to face… in the super king bed… both hugging our pillows on our fronts. Naked. Not touching.

Just looking and admiring… covered by the sheet.

‘Do you want to sleep?’ RICHARD C. MAST asks… his voice soft. He is beautiful; the mix of colors in his hair vivid against the white Egyptian cotton pillowcase… gray eyes… smoldering… expressive. He looks concerned.

No. I’m not tired.’ I feel strangely energized. It has been so good to talk... I do not want to stop.

‘What do you want to do?’ he asks.

‘Talk.’ He smiles.

‘About what?’

‘Stuff.’

‘What stuff?’

‘You.’

‘What about me?’

‘What’s your favorite film?’ He grins.

‘Today… it’s ‘The Piano’.’ His grin is infectious.

‘Of course. Silly me. Such a sad… exciting score… which no doubt you can play? So many accomplishments… Mr…’

‘And the greatest one is you… Miss Merry.’

‘So, I am number seventeen.’

He frowns at me not comprehending.

‘Seventeen?’

Several women you’ve um… had sex with.’

His lips quirk up... his eyes shining with incredulity.

‘Not exactly.’

‘You said fifteen...' My confusion is obvious.

‘I was referring to the number of women in my playroom. I thought that is what you meant. You didn’t ask me how many women I’d had sex with.’

‘Oh.’ Holy shit... there is more... How? I gape at him. 'Vanilla?’

‘No. You are my one vanilla conquest...' he shakes his head... still grinning at me.

Why does he find this funny? And why am I grinning back at him like an idiot?

‘I can’t give you a number. I didn’t put notches in the bedpost or anything.’

‘What are we talking… tens… hundreds… thousands?’ My eyes grow wilder as the numbers get larger.

‘Tens. We’re in the tens… for pity’s sake.’

‘All submissive?’

‘Yes.’

Stop grinning at me...' I scold him mildly... trying and failing to keep a straight face.

‘I can’t. You’re funny.’

‘Funny peculiar or funny ha-ha?’

‘A bit of both I think.’ His words mirror mine.

‘That’s a damned cheek... coming from you.’ He leans across and kisses the tip of my nose.

‘This will shock you... Merry. Ready?’

I nod... wide... eyed... still with the stupid grin on my face.

‘All submissive in training… when I was training. There are places in and around NY that one can go to and practice. Learn to do what I do...' he says.

What?

‘Oh.’ I blink at him.

‘Yep... I’ve paid for sex... Merry.’

‘That’s nothing to be proud of...' I mutter haughtily. ’And you’re right… I am deeply shocked. And cross that I can’t shock you.’

‘You wore my underwear.’

‘Did that shock you?’

‘Yes.’ My inner goddess pole… vaults over the fifteen… foot bar.

‘You didn’t wear your panties to meet my parents.’

‘Did that shock you?’

‘Yes.’

Jeez… the bar’s moved to sixteen feet.

‘It seems I can only shock you in the underwear holdings.’

‘You told me you were a virgin. That’s the biggest shock I’ve ever had.’
‘Yes… your face was a picture… a Kodak moment.’ I giggle.

‘You let me work you over with a riding crop.’

‘Did that shock you?’

‘Yep.’

I grin.

‘Well… I may let you do it again.’

‘Oh… I do hope so-o… Miss Merry. This weekend?’ ‘Okay…' I agree… shyly.

‘Okay?’

Yes- I’ll go to the Red Room of Pain again.’

‘You say my name.’

‘That shocks you?’

‘The fact that I like it shocks me.’ ‘RICHARD C. MAST.’ He grins.

‘I want to do something tomorrow.’ His eyes glow with excitement.

‘What?’

‘A surprise. For you.’ His voice is low and soft.

I raise an eyebrow and stifle a yawn at the same time.

‘Am I boring to you… Miss Merry?’ His tone is sardonic.

‘*Never*.’

He leans across and kisses me gently on my lips.

‘Sleep...' he commands... then switches off the light.

And in this quiet moment... as I close my eyes... spent and sated... I am in the eye of the storm. And despite all, he had said... and what he has not said... do not think I have ever been so happy.

RICHARD C. MAST stands in a steel... barred cage. Wearing his soft... ripped jeans... his chest and feet are mouthwateringly naked... and he is staring at me. His private... joke smile etched on his beautiful face and his eyes a

molten gray. In his hands, he holds a bowl of strawberries. He ambles with athletic grace to the front of the cage... gazing intently at me. Holding up a plump ripe strawberry... he extends his hand through the bars.

‘Eat...' he says... his tongue caressing the front of his palate as he enunciates the ‘t.’

I try and move toward him... but I am tethered... held back by some unseen force around my wrist... holding me. Let me go.

‘Come... eat...' he says... smiling his delicious crooked smile.

I pull and pull… let me go! I want to scream and shout... but no sound emerges. I am mute. He stretches a little further... and the strawberry is at my lips.

‘Eat... Merry.’ His mouth forms my name... lingering sensually on each syllable.

I open my mouth and bite… the cage disappears… and my hands are free. I reach up to touch him... graze my fingers through his chest hair.

‘Merry.’ No. I moan.

‘Come on... baby.’

No. I want to touch you.

‘Wake up.’

NO- please, my eyes flicker unwillingly open for a split second. I am in bed and someone is nuzzling my ear.

‘Wake up… baby…' he whispers… and the effect of his sweet voice spreads like warm melted caramel through my veins.

It is RICHARD C. MAST. Jeez... it is still dark… and the images of him from my dream persists… disconcerting and tantalizing in my head.

‘Oh… no…' I groan. I want back at his chest… back to my dream.

Why is he waking me?

It is the middle of the night... or so it feels. Holy shit. Does he want sex... now?

‘Time to get up... baby. I’m going to switch on the sidelight.’ His voice is quiet.

‘No...' I groan.

‘I want to chase the dawn with you...' he says... kissing my face... my eyelids... the tip of my nose... my mouth... and I open my eyes. The sidelight is on. 'Good morning... beautiful...' he murmurs.

I groan... and he smiles.

‘You are not a morning person...' he murmurs.

Through the haze of light… I squint and see RICHARD C. MAST leaning over me… smiling. Amused.

Amused at me. Dressed! In black.

‘I thought you wanted sex…' I grumble.

‘Merry… I always want sex with you. It’s heartwarming to know that you feel the same…' he says dryly.

I gaze at him as my eyes adjust to the light… but he still looks amused… thank heavens.

‘Of course, I do… just not when it’s so late.’

‘It’s not late… it’s early. Come on… up you go. We are going out. I’ll take a rain check on the sex.’

‘I was having such a nice dream…' I whine.

‘Dream about what?’ he asks patiently.

‘You.’ I blush.

‘What was I doing this time?’

‘Trying to feed me strawberries.’

His lips twitch with a trace of a smile.

Dr. Flynn could have a field day with that. Up… get dressed. Don’t bother

to shower… we can do that later.’ We! I sit up… and the sheet pools at my waist… revealing my body. He stands to give me a room… his eyes dark.

‘What time is it?’

‘5:30 in the morning.’

‘Feels like 3:00 a. m.’

‘We don’t have much time. I let you sleep if possible.

Come.’ ‘Can’t I have a shower?’ He sighs.

‘If you have a shower… I will want one with you… and you and I know

what will happen then... the day will just go. Come.'

He is excited. As a small boy... he is iridescent with anticipation and excitement. It makes me smile.

'What are we doing?' 'It's a surprise. I told you.' I cannot help but grin up at him.

'Okay.' I clamber off the bed and search for my clothes. Of course, they are neatly folded on the chair beside my bed. He is laid out a pair of his jersey boxer briefs too... Ralph Lauren... no less. I slip them on... and he grins at me. Hmm...

another piece of RICHARD C. MAST's underwear... a trophy to add to my collection... along with the car... the BlackBerry... the Mac... his black jacket... and a set of old valuable first editions. I shake my head at his largesse... and I frown as a scene from Tess crosses my mind: the strawberry scene. It evokes my dream. To hell with Dr. Flynn... Freud would have a field day... and then he would expire trying to deal with Dark Shadows.

‘I’ll give you some room now that you’re up.’ RICHARD C. MAST exits toward the living area... and I wander into the bathroom. I have needed to attend

to... and I want a quick wash. Seven minutes later... I am in the living area... scrubbed... brushed and dressed in jeans... my camisole... and RICHARD C. MAST's underwear. RICHARD C. MAST glances up from the small dining table where he is eating breakfast.

Breakfast!

Jeez... currently.

‘Eat...' he says.

Holy Moses… my dream. I gape at him... thinking about his tongue on

his palate. Hmm... his expert tongue.

‘Merry...' he says sternly... pulling me out of my reverie.

It is too early for me. How to handle this? 'I’ll have some tea. Can I take a croissant for later?’ He eyes me suspiciously... and I smile very sweetly.

‘Don’t rain on my parade... Merry...' he warns softly.

‘I will eat later when my stomach’s woken up. About 7:30 a. m., okay?’ ‘Okay.’ He peers down at me.

Honestly. I must concentrate hard on not making a face at him.

‘I want to roll my eyes at you.’

‘By all means... do... and you will make my day...' he says sternly.

I gaze up at the ceiling.

‘Well, a spanking would wake me up... I suppose.’ I purse my lips in quiet contemplation.

RICHARD C. MAST’s mouth drops open.

‘On the other hand, I don’t want you to be all hot and bothered... the climate here is warm enough.’ I shrug nonchalantly.

RICHARD C. MAST closes his mouth and tries extremely hard to look displeased... but fails hopelessly.

I can see the humor lurking in the back of his eyes.

‘You are… as ever… challenging… Miss Merry. Drink your tea.’

I notice the Twining’s label… and inside… my heart sings. See… he does care… my subconscious mouths at me. I sit and face him… drinking in his beauty. Will I ever get enough of this man?

As we leave the room… RICHARD C. MAST throws a sweatshirt at me.

‘You’ll need this.’ I look at him… puzzled.

‘Trust me.’ He grins… leans over and kisses me quickly on the lips… then grabs my hand and we head out.

Outside… in the relative cool of the half… the light of pre… dawn… the valet hands RICHARD C. MAST a set of keys to a flash sports car with a soft top. I raise an eyebrow at RICHARD C. MAST… who smirks back at me.

‘You know… sometimes it’s great being me…' he says with a conspiratorial but smug grin that I simply cannot help emulating. He is so lovable when he is playful and carefree. He opens my car door with an exaggerated bow… and in I climb. He is in such a good mood.

‘Where are we going?’

‘You’ll see.’ He grins as he slips the car into drive... and we head out on Savannah Parkway. He programs the GPS and presses a switch on the steering wheel and a classical orchestral piece fills the car.

‘What’s this?’ I ask as the sweet... sweet sound of a hundred violin strings assail us. 'It’s from La Traviata. An opera by Verdi.’ Oh... my… it is lovely.

‘La Traviata? I have heard of that. I cannot think where. What does it mean?’ RICHARD C. MAST glances at me and smirks.

Well… literally… the woman led astray. It’s based on Alexander Dumas’s book... La Dame aux Camelias.’

‘Ah. I’ve read it.’

‘I thought you might.’

‘The doomed courtesan.’ I squirm uncomfortably in the plush leather seat. Is he trying to tell me something? ’Hmm… it’s a depressing story…' I mutter.

‘Too depressing? Do you want to choose some music? This is on my iPod.’ RICHARD C. MAST has that secret smile again.

I cannot see his iPod anywhere. He taps the screen on the console

between us... and behold... there is a playlist.

‘You choose.’ His lips twitch up into a smile... and I know it is a challenge.

RICHARD C. MAST's iPod... this should be interesting. I scroll through the touch screen... and find the perfect song. I press play. I would not have figured him for an Amanda fan. The club... mix... techno beat assaults us both... and RICHARD C. MAST turns the volume down. It is too early for this: Britney’s at her most sultry.

‘Toxic... eh?’ RICHARD C. MAST grins.

‘I don’t know what you mean.’ I feign innocence.

He turns the music down a little more... and inside I am hugging myself. My inner goddess is standing on the podium awaiting her gold medal.

He turned the music down.

Victory!

‘I didn’t put that song on my iPod...' he says casually... and puts his foot down so that I am thrown back into my seat as the car accelerates along the freeway.

What? He knows what he is doing... the bastard. Who did? And I must

listen to Amanda going on and on. Who… who?

The song ends and the iPod shuffles to Damien Rice being mournful.

Who? Who? I stare out of the window… my stomach-churning. Who?

‘It was Sarrah…' he answers my unspoken thoughts. How does he do that?

‘Sarrah?’

‘An ex… who put the song on my iPod.’

Damien warbles away in the background as I sit stunned. An ex…

Ex… submissive?

An ex…

‘One of the fifteen?’ I ask.

‘Yes.’

What happened to her?’

‘We finished.’

‘Why?’

Oh jeez. It is too early for this kind of conversation. But he looks relaxed… happy even… and what is more… talkative.

‘She wanted more.’ His voice is low… introspective even… and he leaves the sentence hanging between us…

ending it with that powerful little word again.

‘And you didn’t?’ I ask before I can employ my brain to mouth filter.

Shit... do I want to know?

He shakes his head.

‘I’ve never wanted more... until I met you.’

I gasp... reeling. Oh my. Isn’t this what I want? He wants more. He wants it... too! My inner goddess has backflipped off the podium and is doing cartwheels around the stadium.

It is not just me.

‘What happened to the other fourteen?’ I ask.

Jeez, he is talking… take advantage.

‘You want a list? Divorced… beheaded… died?’

You’re not Bill VIII.’

‘Okay. In no order… I’ve only had long-term relationships with four women… apart from Elly.’

‘Elly?’

‘Mrs. Robinson to you.’ He half-smiles his secret private joke smile.

Elly! Holy Freak. The evil one has a name and it is all… foreign-sounding. A vision of a glorious… pale… skinned vamp with raven hair and ruby… red lips come to mind… and I know that she is beautiful. I must not dwell. I must not dwell.

‘What happened to the four?’ I ask to distract myself.

‘So inquisitive… so eager for information… Miss Merry…' he scolds playfully.

‘Oh… Mr. When Is Your Period Due?’

‘Merry… a man needs to know these things.’

‘Does he?’

‘I do.’

‘Why?’

‘Because I don’t want you to get pregnant.’

‘Neither do I! Well… not for a few years yet.’

RICHARD C. MAST blinks startled… then visibly relaxes. Okay. RICHARD C. MAST does not want children. Now or never? I am reeling from his sudden… unprecedented attack of

candor. It is the early morning? Something in the modern city water?

The modern dystopian city air? What else do I want to know? Remembrance of Things Past.

‘So, the other four… what happened?’ I ask.

‘One met someone else. The other three wanted… more. I wasn’t in the market for more then.’

‘And the others?’ I press.

He glances at me briefly and just shakes his head.

‘Just didn’t work out.’

Whoa... a bucket... a load of information to process. I glance in the side

mirror of the car... and I notice the soft swell of pink and aquamarine in the sky behind. Dawn is following us.

‘Where are we headed?’ I ask... perplexed... gazing out at the I... 95.

We are heading south... that is all I know.

‘An airfield.’

‘We’re not going back to NY, are we?’ I gasp... alarmed. I have not said goodbye to my mom. Jeez... she is expecting us for dinner.

He laughs.

‘No… Merry… we’re going to indulge in my second favorite pastime.’

‘Second?’ I frown at him.

‘Yep. I told you my favorite this morning.’

I glance at his glorious profile… frowning… racking my brain.

‘Indulging in you… Miss Merry… that’s got to be top of my list. Any way I can get you.’ Oh…

‘Well, that’s quite high up on my list of diverting… kinky priorities too.’ I mutter… blushing.

‘I’m pleased to hear it…' he mutters dryly.

‘So… airfield?’ He grins at me.

‘Soaring.’

The term rings a vague bell. He is mentioned it before.

‘We’re going to chase the dawn… Merry.’ He turns and grins at me as the GPS urges him to turn right into what looks like an industrial complex. He pulls up outside a large white building with a

sign reading Frank Lloyd Wright - Building.

Gliding! Are we going gliding?

He switches off the engine.

‘You up for this?’ He asks.

‘You’re flying?’

‘Yes.’

‘Yes... please!’ I do not hesitate. He grins and leans forward and kisses me.

‘Another first... Miss Merry...' he says as he climbs out of the car.

First? What sort of first? First time flying a glider… shit! No... he said

that he has done it before. I relax. He walks around and opens my door. The sky has turned to a subtle opal... shimmering and glowing softly behind the sporadic childlike clouds. Dawn is upon us.

Taking my hand... RICHARD C. MAST leads me around the building to a large stretch of tarmac where several stifling air balloons are parked. Waiting beside them is a man with a shaved head and a wild look in his eye... accompanied by Peter.

Peter! Does RICHARD C. MAST go anywhere without that man? I beam at him... and he smiles kindly back at me.

‘Mr… this is your tow… pilot… Mr. Mark Benson…' says Peter. RICHARD C. MAST and Benson shake hands and strike up a conversation… which sounds very technical about wind speed… directions… and the like.

‘Hello… Peter…' I murmur shyly.

‘Miss Merry.’ He nods a greeting at me… and I frown. 'Merry…' he corrects himself.

‘He’s been hell on wheels the last few days. Glad we’re here…' he says conspiratorially.

Oh… this is news… Why? Surely not because of me! Revelation Thursday!

Must be something in the Savannah water that makes these men loosen up a bit.

‘Merry...' RICHARD C. MAST summons me.’ Come.’ He holds out his hand.

‘See you later.’ I smile at Peter... and giving me a quick salute... he heads back to the parking lot.

‘Mr. Benson... this is my girlfriend Marry Sue.’ ‘Pleased to meet you...' I murmur as we shake hands.

Benson gives me a dazzling smile.

‘Likewise,' he says... and I can tell from his accent that he’s British.

As I take RICHARD C. MAST's hand... there is a mounting excitement in my belly. Wow... gliding! We follow Mark Benson out across the tarmac towards the runway. He and RICHARD C. MAST keep up a running conversation. I catch the gist. We will be in a Blahnik L... 23... which is better than the L... 13... although this is open to debate. Benson will be flying a Piper Pawnee. He has been flying taildraggers for about five years now. It all means nothing to me... but glancing up at RICHARD C. MAST... he is so animated... so in his element... it is a pleasure to watch him.

The stifling air balloon itself is long... sleek... and white with orange stripes. It has a small cockpit with two seats one in front of the other. It is attached by a long white cable to a small... conventional single... burner stifling air balloon. Benson opens the large... clear Perspex dome that frames the cockpit... allowing us to climb in.

‘First, we need to strap on your parachute.’ Parachute!

‘I’ll do that...' RICHARD C. MAST interrupts him and takes the harness off Benson... who smiles amenably at him?

‘I’ll fetch some ballast...' Benson says and heads toward the stifling air balloon.

‘You like strapping me into things.’ I observe dryly.

‘Miss Merry... you have no idea. Here... step into the straps.’

I do as I am told... placing my arm on his shoulder. RICHARD C. MAST stiffens slightly but does not move. Once my feet are in the loops... he pulls the parachute up... and I place my arms through the shoulder straps. Deftly he fastens the harness and tightens all the straps.

‘There… you’ll do…' he says mildly… but his eyes are gleaming.' Do you have your hair tie from yesterday?’ I nod.

‘You want me to put my hair up?’

‘Yes.’

I quickly do as I am asked.

‘If you go…' RICHARD C. MAST commands. He is still so bossy. I go climbing into the back.

‘No… front. The pilot sits at the back.’ ‘But won’t you be able to, see?’ ‘I’ll see plenty. ’He grins.

I do not think I have ever seen him so happy... bossy... but happy. I clamber in... settling down into the leather seat. It is surprisingly comfortable. RICHARD C. MAST leans over... pulls the harness over my shoulders... reaches between my legs for the lower belt... and slots it into the fastener that rests against my belly.

He tightens all the restraining straps.

‘Hmm... twice in one morning... I am a lucky man...' he whispers and kisses me quickly. 'This won’t take long... twenty... thirty minutes at most. Thermals are not great this time of the morning...

but it is so breathtaking up there at this hour. I hope you're not nervous.'

'Excited.' I beam.

Where did this ridiculous grin come from? Part of me is terrified. My inner goddess... she is under a blanket behind the sofa.

'Good.' He grins back... stroking my face... then disappears.

I hear and feel his movements as he climbs in behind me. Of course, he is strapped me in so tightly I cannot move round to see him… typical! We are exceptionally low on the ground. In front

of me are a panel of dials and levers and a big stick thing. I leave well alone.

Mark Benson appears with a cheerful grin as he checks my straps and leans in and checks the cockpit floor. It is the ballast.

‘Yep… that’s secure. First time?’ he asks me.

‘Yes.’

‘You’ll love it.’

‘Thanks… Mr. Benson.’

‘Call me Mark.’ He turns to RICHARD C. MAST.’ Okay?’

‘Yep. Let us go.’

I am so glad I have not eaten anything. I am beyond excited... and I do not think my stomach would be game for food... excitement... and leaving the ground. Once again... I am putting myself into this beautiful man's skilled hands. Mark shuts the cockpit lid... strolls over to the stifling air balloon in front... and climbs in.

The hot gas burner starts... and my nervous stomach relocates itself to my throat. Jeez... I am doing this. Mark taxis slowly down the runway... and as the cable takes the strain... we suddenly jolt forward. We are off. I hear chatter over the radio set behind me. It is Mark talking

to the tower... but I cannot make out what he is saying. As the Piper picks up speed... so do we. It is very bumpy... and in front of us... the single burner stifling air balloon is still on the ground. Jeez... will we ever get up? And suddenly... my stomach disappears from my throat and free... falls through my body to the ground... we are airborne.

'Here we go... baby!' RICHARD C. MAST shouts from behind me. And we are in our bubble... just us two. All I hear is the sound of the wind ripping past and the distant hum of stifling air balloon engine and heat.

I am gripping the edge of my seat with both hands... so tightly my knuckles are white. We head west... inland away from the rising sun... gaining height... crossing over fields, woods, homes, and me... 95. Oh my. This is amazing... above us only sky. The light is extraordinary... diffuse and warm in hue... and I remember José rambling on about 'magic hour'... a time of day that photographers adore... this is it... just after dawn... and I am in it... with RICHARD C. MAST.

Abruptly... I am reminded of José's show. Hmm. I need to tell RICHARD C. MAST. I wonder briefly how he will react. But I will not worry about

that... not now... I am enjoying the ride. My ears pop as we gain height... and the ground slips further and further away. It is so peaceful. I completely get why he likes to be up here.

Away from his BlackBerry and all the pressures of his job.

The radio crackles into life... and Mark mentions 300 feet. Jeez... that sounds high... I check the ground... and I can no longer clearly distinguish anything down there.

'Release...' RICHARD C. MAST says into the radio... and suddenly the Piper disappears... and the pulling

sensation provided by the small stifling air balloon ceases.

We are floating... floating over Modern city.

Holy freak... it is exciting. The stifling air balloon banks and turns as the air changes and we dip... and we spiral toward the sun- Icarus- This is it. I am flying close to the sun... but he is with me... leading me. I gasp at the realization. We spiral and spiral and... the view in this morning light is spectacular.

'Hold on tight!' he shouts... and we dip again... only this time he does not stop. suddenly... I am upside down...

looking at the ground through the top of the cockpit canopy.

I squeal loudly... my arms automatically lashing out... my hands splayed on the Perspex to stop me falling. I can hear him laughing. Bastard! But his joy is infectious... and I am laughing too as he writes the stifling air balloon.

‘I’m glad I didn’t have breakfast!’ I shout at him.

‘Yes... in hindsight... it’s good you didn’t... because I’m going to do that again.’

He dips the stifling air balloon once more until we are low to the ground.

This time… because I am prepared… I hang on to the harness… but it makes me grin and giggle like a fool. He levels the stifling air balloon once more.

‘Beautiful… isn’t it?’ He calls.

‘Yes.’

We fly… swooping majestically through the air… listening to the wind and the silence… in the early morning light. Who could ask for more?

‘See the joy… stick in front of you?’ he shouts again.

I look at the stick that is moving slightly between my legs. Oh no… where is he going with this?

‘Grab hold.’

Oh shit. He is going to make me fly the stifling air balloon. No!

‘Go on... Merry. Grab it...' he urges more vehemently.

Tentatively... I grasp it and feel the pitch and yaw of what I assume are rudders and paddles or whatever keep this thing in the air.

‘Hold tight… keep it steady. See the middle dial in front? Keep the needle dead center.’

My heart is in my mouth. Holy shit. I am flying a glider… I am soaring.

‘Good girl.’ RICHARD C. MAST sounds delighted.

‘I am amazed you let me take control...' I shout.

‘You’d be amazed at what I’d let you do... Miss Merry. Back to me now.’

The joystick moves suddenly... and I let go as we spiral down several feet... my ears starting to pop again. The ground is getting closer... and it feels like we could be hitting it short. Jeez... that is scary.

‘BMA... this is BG N Papa 3 Alpha... entering left downwind runway seven to the grass... BMA.’ RICHARD C.

MAST sounds like his usual authoritative self. The tower squawks back at him over the radio... but I do not understand what they say. We sail around again in a wide circle... sinking slowly to the ground. I can see the airport... the landing strips... and we are flying back over me... 95.

'Hang on... baby. This can get bumpy.'

After another circle we dip... and suddenly we are on the ground with a brief thump... racing along the grass... holy shit. My teeth chatter as we bump at an alarming speed along the ground... until we finally come to a stop. The stifling air balloon sways slightly then dip

to the right. I take a deep lungful of air while RICHARD C. MAST leans over and opens the cockpit lid... clambering out and stretching.

‘How was that?’ He asks... and his eyes are a shining... dazzling silver-gray in the sun. He leans down to unbuckle me.

‘That was extraordinary. Thank you...' I whisper.

‘Was it more?’ he asks... his voice tinged with hope.

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‘Much more...' I breathe... and he grins.

‘Come.’ He holds out his hand for me… and I clamber out of the cockpit.

As soon as I am out… he grabs me and holds me flush against his body. Suddenly his hand is in my hair… tugging it so my head tips back… and his other hand travels down to the base of my spine. He kisses me… long… hard… and passionately… his tongue in my mouth. His breathing is mounting… his ardor… Holy CRAP… his erection… we are in a field. But I do not care. My hands twist in his hair… anchoring him to me. I want him… here… now… on the ground. He breaks away and gazes down at me… his eyes now dark and luminous in the early

morning light... full of raw... arrogant sensuality. Wow.

He takes my breath away.

‘Breakfast...' he whispers... making it sound deliciously erotic.

How can he make bacon and eggs sound like forbidden fruit? It is an extraordinary skill. He turns... clasping my hand... and we head back toward the car.

‘What about the glider?’

‘Someone will take care of that?’...He says dismissively. ‘We’ll eat now.’ His tone is unequivocal.

Food! He is talking food... when all I want is him.

‘Come.’ He smiles.

I have never seen him like this... and it is a joy to behold. I find myself walking beside him... hand in hand... with a stupid... silly grin plastered on my face. It reminds me of when I was ten and spending the day in Disneyland with Ray. It was a perfect day... and this is Sue shaping out to be the same?

Back in the car... as we head back along with me... 95 towards Savannah... my phone alarm goes off. Oh yes… my pill.

‘What’s that?’ RICHARD C. MAST asks... curious... glancing at me.

I fumble in my purse for the packet.

‘Alarm for my pill...' I mutter as my cheeks flush.

His lips quirk up.

‘Good... well done. I hate condoms.’

I flush some more. He is as patronizing as ever.

‘I like that you introduced me to Mark as your girlfriend...' I murmur.

‘Isn’t that what you are?’ He raises an eyebrow.

‘Am I? I thought you wanted a submissive.’

‘So did I... Merry... and I do. But I have told you... I want more... too.’

Oh my. He is coming around... and hope surges through me... leaving me breathless.

‘I’m incredibly happy that you want more...' I whisper.

‘We aim to please... Miss Merry.’ He smirks as we pull into the International House of Pancakes.

‘OLIVE GARDEN.’ I grin back at him. I do not believe it. Who would have thought… RICHARD C. MAST… at OLIVE GARDEN?

It is 8:30 a. m. but quiet in the restaurant. It smells of sweet batter…

fried food… and disinfectant. Hmm… not such an enticing aroma. RICHARD C. MAST leads me to a booth.

‘I would never have pictured you here…' I say as we slide into a booth.

‘My dad used to bring us to one of these whenever my mom went away at a medical conference. It was our secret.’

He smiles at me… gray eyes dancing… then picks up a menu… running a hand through his wayward hair as he stares down at it.

Oh… I want to run my hands through that hair. I pick up a menu and examine it. I realize I am starving.

‘I know what I want…' he breathes… his voice low and husky.

I glance up at him… and he is staring at me in that way that tightens all the muscles in my belly and takes my breath away… his eyes dark and smoldering. Holy shit. I gaze at him… my

blood singing in my veins answering his call.

‘I want what you want...' I whisper.

He inhales sharply.

‘Here?’ He asks suggestively... raising an eyebrow at me... smiling wickedly... his teeth trapping the tip of his tongue.

Oh my... sex in OLIVE GARDEN. His expression changes... growing darker.

‘Don’t bite your lip...' he orders. 'Not here... not now.’ His eyes harden momentarily... and for a moment... he

looks so deliciously dangerous. 'If I can’t have you here... don’t tempt me.’

‘Hi... My name’s Leandra... What can I get for you... er... folks... er... today... this morning...?’ Her voice trails off... stumbling over her words as she gets an eye full of Mr. Beautiful opposite me. She flushes scarlet... and a small ounce of sympathy for her bubbles unwelcome into my consciousness because he still does that to me. Her presence allows me to escape briefly from his sensual glare.

‘Merry?’

He prompts me… ignoring her… and I do not think anyone could squeeze as much carnality into my name as he does at that moment.

I swallow… praying that I do not go the same color as poor Leandra.

‘I told you… I want what you want.’ I keep my voice soft… low… and he looks at me hungrily. Jeez… my inner goddess swoons. Am I up to this game?

Leandra looks from me to him and back again. She is the same color as her shiny red hair.

‘Shall I give you folks another minute to decide?’

‘No. We know what we want.’ RICHARD C. MAST’s mouth twitches with a small… sexy smile.

‘We’ll have two portions of the original buttermilk pancakes with maple syrup and bacon on the side… two glasses of orange juice… one black coffee with skim milk… and one English breakfast tea… if you have it…' says RICHARD C. MAST… not taking his eyes off me.

Thank you, sir. Will that be all?’ Leandra whispers… looking anywhere but at the two of us. We both turn to stare at her… and she flushes crimson again and scuttles away.

‘You know it’s not fair.’ I glance down at the Formica tabletop...

Tracing a pattern in it with my index finger... trying to sound nonchalant.

‘What’s not fair?’

‘How you disarm people. Women. Me.’

‘Do I disarm you?’

I snort.

‘All the time.’

‘It just looks... Merry...' he says mildly. 'No... RICHARD C. MAST... it’s much more than that.’ His brow creased.

‘You disarm me… Miss Merry. Your innocence. It cuts through all the crap.’

‘Is that why you’ve changed your mind?’

‘Changed my mind?’

‘Yes… about … err… us?’

He strokes his chin thoughtfully with his long… skilled fingers.

I do not think I have changed my mind per se. We just need to redefine our parameters… re-draw our battle lines… if you will. We can make this work… I am Sue. I want you submissive in my playroom. I will punish you if you digress

from the rules. Other than that, well... It is all up for discussion. Those are my requirements... Miss Merry. What say you to that?'

'So, I get to sleep with you? In your bed?'

'Is that what you want?'

'Yes.'

'I agree then. Besides... I sleep very well when you are in my bed. I had no idea.' His brow creases as his voice fade.

'I was frightened you'd leave me if I didn't agree to all of it...' I whisper.

‘I’m not going anywhere... Merry. Besides...’ He trails off... and after some thought... he adds.’ We are following your advice... your definition: compromise. You emailed it to me. And so far, it’s working for me.’

‘I love that you want more...' I murmur shyly.

‘I know.’

‘How do you know?’

Trust me. I just do.’ He smirks at me. He is hiding something.

What?

At that moment... Leandra arrives with breakfast and our conversation ceases. My stomach rumbles... reminding me how ravenous I am. RICHARD C. MAST watches with annoying approval as I devour everything on my plate.

‘Can I treat you?’ I ask RICHARD C. MAST.

‘Treat me how?’

‘Pay for this meal.’ RICHARD C. MAST snorts.

‘I don’t think so.’ he scoffs. 'Please. I want to.’ He frowns at me.

‘Are you trying to completely emasculate me?’

‘This is probably the only place that I’ll be able to afford to pay.’ ‘Merry... I appreciate the thought. I do. But no.’ I purse my lips.

‘Don’t scowl...' he threatens... his eyes glinting ominously.

Of course, he does not ask me for my mother’s address. He knows it already... stalker that he is. When he pulls up outside the house... I do not comment. What is the point?

‘Do you want to come in?’ I ask shyly.

‘I need to work... Merry... but I’ll be back this evening. What time?’

I ignore the unwelcome stab of disappointment. Why do I want to spend every single minute with this controlling sex god? Oh yes... I have fallen in love with him... and he can fly.

‘Thank you… for the more.’

‘My pleasure... Merry.’ He kisses me... and I inhale his sexy RICHARD C. MAST smell.

‘I’ll see you later.’

‘Try and stop me...' he whispers.

I wave goodbye as he drives off into the Modern city sunshine. I am still wearing his sweatshirt and his underwear... and I are too warm.

In the kitchen... my mom is in a complete flap. It is not every day she has to entertain a multi... zillionaire... and it is stressing her out.

'How are you... darling?' She asks... and I flush because she must know what I was doing last night.

'I'm good. RICHARD C. MAST took me gliding this morning.' I hope the added information will distract her.

‘Gliding? As in a small stifling air balloon with no engine? That sort of gliding?’ I nod.

‘Wow.’

She is speechless… a novel concept for my mother. She gapes at me… but eventually recovers herself and resumes her original line of questioning.

‘How was it last night? Did you talk?’ I flush bright scarlet.

‘We talked… last night and today. It’s getting better.’

‘Good.’ She turns her attention back to the four cookery books she has open on the kitchen table.

‘Mom… if you like… I’ll cook this evening.’

‘Oh… honey… that’s kind of you… but I want to do it.’

‘Okay.’ I grimace… knowing full well that my mother’s cooking is haphazard. She is improved since she moved to Savannah with Bob. There was a time I would not subject anyone to her cooking… even… who do I hate? Oh yes… *Stifler's mom*… Elly. Well… her. Will I ever meet this damned woman? I decide to send a quick thank… you to RICHARD C. MAST.